

Tim Westwood Freestyle

Method Man

Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Yeah, Uh! [x2]
Meth, Check the verse, no curses, Yo
Listen
Still living by the code
Too many pretty women still living by the...
Yo, Yo
Haha yeah, yeah, here we go
No curses, yo, check the joint!

I'm just trynna get a mill
When I started rhymin' wasn't trynna get a deal
I was trynna get a feel
Homicide housing, bodies lyin' in the hill
Man ain't nothing worth me dying in the field
Especially when I'm trynna pay the bills
A lot of y'all relying on the steel
And see the court denying your appeal
If y'all don't know nothing, you better know it's real
If it works like a workshop, better know the drill
I'm past childish games
Y'all just trynna take me outta my game
And call my black women outta their name
I'm serious, they're out of my brain
Understand that my slang's
Fast and furious, they're out of my lane
Boy I'm hot, kids be calling me blaze
In the industry I'm not, they be calling me slave
I ain't trynna burn the spot, but I'm set in my ways
I'm just a product of the block, and the city I'm raised, Aha
I'm still living by the code
Too many pretty women still living by the strode
Daddy pimping 'em for doe
Early in the morning cops kicking in the do'
Man I think somebody snitching on the low
I caught my father sniffing on that snow
That's when he try to tell me things are different than befo'
Kids don't listen any mo', that's for sho'
We used to ask permission from our folks
Ain't no food up in the kitchen cause we broke
And I ain't trynna miss another meal
Cause love will get you killed
And if it don't, your baby mother will
But y'all ain't recognizing that it's real
Until that undercover pull a shield
And now it's kinda late to cut a deal
So I ain't gotta tell you how I feel
Why I'm trynna keep my pockets stuffed with hundred dollar bills
I should'a went to school and got a skill
But it wasn't in my future so I steal
That's why I got this Ruger in your grill